THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 18, 1809.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

SESSIONS HOUSE, CLERKENWELL, MIDDLESEX,

November 17.

THERE was nothing interesting at the adjourned session of this day, except an appeal against the conviction of a magistrate, for the use of a new invention for covering houses, as a substitute for slate and lead, called patent tessera. A magistrate having decided on an information laid under the Building Act, that this composition was not one of the articles enumerated in the act, to be used within the bills of mortality, an appeal was brought, in which several witnesses were examined as to the properties of the invention in resisting fire.

Mr. Const, as counsel against the appeal, called Mr. White, of Cannon-row, Westminster, district-surveyor for Mary-le-Bone, who stated, that he did not consider it one of the articles allowed by the act; and on a question being put, whether it was not artificial stone, which is one of the materials mentioned therein, he said that in his opinion it was not. On cross-examination by Mr. Gurney, he stated, that he had been present at an experiment yesterday, in which two models of brick houses had been set on fire within; the one covered with lead, laid on boards, and the other with tessera, laid on boards; that the lead blistered, and rose by the heat, so as to admit air between it and the boards in thirteen minutes, and that in nine-

teen minutes the whole lead was melted, and the roof burnt and fell in; that it was thirty-five minutes before any perforation was made in the tessera, and forty-five minutes before the roof fell in.

Two other witnesses were called, who were of opinion that the composition did not come within the words of the Building Act.

On the part of the appellant was called Mr. Cooper, surveyor to the Royal Exchange assurance company, who said that he had been much in the habit of seeing the tessera used for the last twelve months, and that he considered it an artificial stone, and affording great advantages over all other coverings. He confirmed Mr. White as to the result of an experiment of yesterday, mentioned by him, and further stated, that another experiment was tried at the same time, by lighting a fire on the surface of tessera, and another on lead, each being laid on boards, and that in five minutes the lead was melted, and the boards underneath it had caught fire; but that at the end of forty minutes, the fire lighted on the tessera had not consumed the tessera, although it had scorched the boards under it; from which he drew the conclusion, that if fire fell from a higher house on a lower, covered with tessera, a sufficient interval would be allowed for its extinguishment before it could affect the house, which might not be the case if covered with lead.

Mr. Stoddart, surveyor to the Hope insurance company, confirmed the evidence of Mr. Cooper; and Mr. Wallace, of Camden Town stated, that he had used the tessera for upwards of twelve months past, not only as a covering for several of his houses, but also as a pavement, and he spoke in the highest terms of its advantages for both purposes.

The chairman, Mr. Mainwaring, said, that the court were not unanimous; but that it appeared to the majority, that this tessera was not a covering which the act of parliament had in contemplation, and therefore the conviction must be affirmed, but as it appeared an invention of merit, and the appeal was brought to decide whether or not it was strictly within the act of parliament, he should be sorry that it should go abroad, that the court thought lightly of the thing.

Mr. Const observed, that this enquiry might be the foundation of an application to parliament, for permission to use it within the bills of mortality; to which Mr. Gurney replied, that it was first necessary to have the decision of the court, whether it was already within the words of the act or not; in which Mr. Mainwaring concurred, and spoke highly in favour of the composition.

MIDDLESEX

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS,

Monday, December 4.

THIS day the session commenced before William Mainwaring, esq. and the bench of magistrates.

THE KING *against* THOMAS HERBERT.

The prosecutor in this case was Lieutenant-Colonel Vigoreux, of his majesty's service; the defendant, a cotton-merchant, residing at Dowgate-hill, London.

The circumstances proved by Lieutenant-Colonel Vigoreux were shortly these:—The prosecutor, who resides at Chiswick, was, on the 25th of May last, on horseback, upon his way towards London, about the dusk of the evening, and on the proper side of the road. He was overtaken by the defendant, accompanied by two other persons, in a gig; and suddenly found both himself and his horse lashed by the thong of the defendant's whip, accompanied with the compliment of "Damn you and your horse, why don't you get out of the way?" The colonel himself has been for some time crippled in one of his lower limbs, by a musket-ball in his knee received in battle, and not yet extracted; and his horse, starting at the blow, plunged excessively, and nearly unhorsed his rider; an event which, had it occurred, might have seriously endangered his life.

Before the colonel had time to recover the surprise of the first salute, the defendant had driven on his vehicle to a considerable distance. The colonel followed, and on coming up, required to know why those men had insulted him without provocation; and insisted upon being informed of the defendant's address, giving at the same time his own address. For a considerable time he received no answer; but after repeating his demand several times, another of the persons in the gig answered, it was a mistake, and no harm was intended.

The colonel replied, "He had been insulted grossly, and must have the defendant's address." The defendant, instead of giving it, became most grossly abusive, called the colonel "rascal, scoundrel, and shabby blackguard." The colonel, however, still followed him close, insisting upon knowing his name; and after repeated demands, the defendant said, "My name is Captain Herbert, and I live in the city." "That will not do," said Colonel Vigoreux, "I must have your address." The defendant, however, declined this, and redoubled his speed, continuing as he went off to repeat his abuse. The colonel persevered in his pursuit and demand until he reached the turnpike-gate at Kensington. There the gig stopped, and the defendant turned about, and repeatedly struck the colonel

several blows with his whip, and then resumed his speed; still the colonel followed, and on reaching the gate at Hyde Park corner, he called out to the gate-keeper to stop the gig. The defendant, however, drove furiously past him; but stopping at about twenty yards distance, waited 'till the colonel came up, and then renewed his abuse. He got out of his gig, challenged him to fight with fists, and attempted to drag him from his horse. Colonel Vigoreux in vain repeated his former assertion, that he was disabled by a musket-shot in his knee. *Encouraged* by this information, the *captain* defendant said, "Then I will give you a d—d good licking;" and then repeatedly laid his whip, with a dexterous hand, over the head and shoulders of the colonel; after which he mounted his vehicle, and drove rapidly into town, closely pursued by the colonel; who, as often as he closed with the gig, received a blow of the whip on his head or face. He, nevertheless, followed the defendant into cover, under a gateway upon Dowgate-hill. There the defendant alighted, again abused the plaintiff in the vilest language, and again challenged him to box. This *polite* challenge, however, the colonel again declined. But defendant, by way of alternative, swore he would give him the greatest thrashing he ever had in his life, and again beat him with his whip on every point of contact he could reach. Tired of using the thong, he turned the handle, and would have probably *finished his man*, but for the interference of the surrounding crowd, who rescued the colonel from his violence.

Such were the grounds of this prosecution; no circumstance of which being contradicted by a tittle of evidence, the jury found the defendant guilty; and the court, after a suitable lecture to the defendant upon the peculiar and most wanton atrocity of his offence, sentenced him to a fine of 50l. and three months imprisonment in his majesty's gaol of Newgate.

Some Account of Mr. Justice Cochran, of Upper Canada.

THIS gentleman on the 7th of October, 1804, embarked at York, on Lake Ontario, in the Speedy, a government schooner, commanded by Captain Paxton, for the purpose of going to Newcastle, distant 90 miles; where he was to have held a court on the 10th. His fellow-passengers were Mr. Gray, the solicitor-general of that province; another gentleman of the bar; an Indian prisoner, who was to be tried for the murder of a soldier; an Indian interpreter; several Indian witnesses; and two young children, whose parents, being very poor, had gone on foot to save expence; besides a servant of Mr. Cochran, and another of Mr. Gray.

On

On the afternoon of the 8th, the vessel was seen within ten miles of the port, and within two of the shore, when the wind blew violently against her. Towards evening the gale increased, and the vessel was seen bearing away before it. The whole night was dreadfully tempestuous, and fires were kindled on the shore, in the hope that they might afford some direction to the schooner; but she has never since been seen, though diligent search has been made. Her binnacle, topmasts, and hencoops, were picked up on the opposite side of the lake; and this circumstance makes it probable that she foundered at some distance from the shore, where every person on board must have perished.

By several reports which have reached Halifax, it is stated that the vessel was known not to be seaworthy; but such stories, which only tend to aggravate distress, should be cautiously received. It is certain, however, that Mr. Gray made his will before he embarked; and Mr. Cochran not having leisure to do the same, addressed a short letter, on the day of his embarkation, to a gentleman of York, which was not to be opened unless some fatal accident should befal him in his voyage. In this letter he names a person at Halifax, whom he thought most proper, in the event of his death, to communicate the sad tidings to his mother; and gave directions for the sale of his property.

The loss which Mr. Cochran's family has sustained by the death of such a son and brother is irreparable. The country in which he resided has also sustained a loss which will not be easily supplied; and the province of Halifax, which may boast of having given him birth, has been deprived of one of its proudest ornaments. He was the eldest son of the late Hon. Thomas Cochran, many years a member of his majesty's council in that province, and was born at Halifax in 1777. From a very early age, he was distinguished by his good sense, amiable disposition, manliness of character, and great attention to his studies. He was always fond of associating with persons older than himself, from whose knowledge and behaviour he could derive improvement; and in consequence of this, before he was twelve years old, his modest and well-formed manners were held up for the imitation of all his young companions. He received most of his education at the seminary at Windsor in that province, which has lately been endowed by the king, and established by a royal charter. He was then under the care of the Rev. Dr. Cochran, who was not related to him, but always particularly fond and justly proud of such a pupil, whose excellent character, grateful affection towards his tutor, and rising eminence, always were, and will long continue to be, sources of great pleasure and honourable satisfaction to him.

Early

Early in 1794 he went to Quebec, where he remained more than a year, when he acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, without neglecting his other studies; and recommended himself there, as at every other place of his residence, to a numerous and very respectable circle of acquaintance. In the following year he returned to Halifax, and sailed for England; and, being intended for the bar, became a student at Lincoln's-inn. He had not reached his 20th year, when he was left entirely his own master, amid the gaiety, the dissipation, and the powerful temptations of London, and almost without controul in his expences. But it was his peculiar happiness, at this critical period, to obtain, very deservedly, the good opinion of some eminently virtuous and valuable friends, in whose families he passed most of his leisure hours, and from whose kind advice and excellent example he derived the most important benefit. His respectful affection and heartfelt gratitude to those persons would never have been diminished in the latest hours of a long life; and he has often declared that he considered the paternal regard and steady valuable friendship of two persons in particular, Sir Rupert George, and Mr. Parke, of Lincoln's inn, among the most distinguished blessings bestowed upon him by a kind providence.

In 1801 he was called to the bar, and joined the Chester circuit, to the members of which he was so much endeared, that, when he was obliged to leave them, they presented him with a very flattering and splendid memorial of their affectionate regard, which he always valued very highly. In the same year, in consequence of the most honourable testimonials of his character and qualifications, he was appointed chief justice of Prince Edward Island, in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Perhaps he was the youngest chief justice known in the history of England, or its colonies; but a more judicious appointment has seldom been made, as the event fully proved. Great care had been taken that his religious principles might be well and early formed; and he was always regular and exemplary in the performance of his religious duties. But this appointment to a situation which he considered above his years, and the death of his father, which happened very soon after, while he was on a voyage to America, greatly increased the impression which religion had already made upon his mind. At this time he became a devout communicant, and continued, to the hour of his death, an humble, sincere, and fervent believer in Christ. He found the island to which he was appointed, like most small governments, divided by little parties; but his uniformly kind and affectionate demeanor, and his inflexible integrity as a judge and a legislator, obtained for him the respect and esteem of all persons.

AN

AN ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH FAIR.

By a Young Englishman.

" Ah! qui ne l'aimeroit! sur son front la pudeur,
Retrace, sans effort, les vertus de son cœur."

ENTHUSIASTICALLY attached to the interests of my fair countrywomen—this attachment, ardent, and sincere, is the only apology I shall make for presenting them with the following address—an address, not indeed calculated to display the flowery graces of rhetoric, nor the varied elegancies of style, but simple and unadorned—an address dictated by the warm feelings of the heart.

Created the companion, the friend of man, woman is gifted with qualities admirably adapted to soften and refine the severity of his nature; to restrain the boisterous impetuosity of his passions, and by creating in him the love of social enjoyments, to excite in him the love of the social virtues. Possessing an influence so amiable—a power so delightful? is it not to be lamented, that there exists a poison which prevents their exertion, and, in some measure, counteracts the intentions of nature? Assuredly it is so. That poison is affectation. Oh! if you knew, my lovely friends, to what an incalculable disadvantage you appear while under its distorting influence, how needless would be this cautionary address! On the other hand, observe the unassuming fair, her native grace, her modest deportment—behold the eyes and the hearts of all men, of real sense and worth, follow her wherever she moves. How irresistibly attractive she appears! for she is superior to the petty, the false embellishments of affectation. Contrast her with one whose beauty at least might be called equal to her's; compare the meretricious movements of this one as she walks, and her studied attitudes when sitting, accompanied with the affected lisp, the conceited laugh, and all those airs peculiar to a coquette; compare these with the easy dignity and amiable artlessness so conspicuous in the deportment of the other. Compare them, and believe me, you will not, you cannot, be the worse for the comparison. For my own part, the sensations I experience, while conversing with an elegant female devoid of affectation, are such as I cannot define—sensations, in the highest degree gratifying to a heart, not yet corrupted by the vices of the metropolis, and which still can vibrate at the touch of sensibility! Nor, believe me, am I singular in my sentiments. I have the happiness of being in habits of intimacy with men of sterling worth and gentlemanly accomplishments, who look with an eye of pity on the attempts of the coquette, to extort that admiration,

miration, which will fall, unsolicited, to the lot of the unassuming fair.

Pardon, my lovely friends, oh pardon the earnestness with which I address you. A native of that happy land, a member of that glorious constitution, which nations may envy, but worlds cannot subdue, my tongue has ever been, and still is accustomed, to give utterance to the feelings of my heart. Suffer me then, with the manly freedom of a Briton, to complete the picture I have attempted to delineate. Superior, far superior as is our happy island, to the nations which surround it, let us strive to render ourselves worthy of the blessings we enjoy; and, as the firm valour and undaunted courage of Britons we earnestly hope will ever prove an insurmountable barrier against the invasion of French armies, so let all ranks and conditions among us be vigilant to resist the invasion of French morals. The rage for Parisian fashions, and the mania of Gallic innovations in our language and habits, call loudly for the interference of all lovers of their country. Arrayed in the elegant simplicity of their native land, adorned with the graces of artless nature, resplendent with the gem of modesty, with the lustre of chastity! what Englishman can refuse the homage of his heart to the lovely, the interesting, the virtuous British fair? Indeed, indeed, not I, nor any true-born Englishman. But if there can exist among the free-born sons of Britannia, a man so dead to sensibility, so destitute of every noble, every generous feeling, as to behold, without emotions of joy and exultation, the charms, the endowments, the virtues of his countrywomen--a man, whose depraved and miserable taste cannot find one among them capable of fixing his affections, let that man no longer disgrace his country with his presence—let him quickly depart, and seek upon the continent an "help-mate for him." He may there, perchance, find one worthy of becoming the friend of his bosom, the constant partaker of his joys and sorrows, the mother of his children!—one who has no relish for ruinous expence, nor vicious dissipation—one to whom her husband, her children, and her home, are sources of the most heart-felt delight; who turns with abhorrence from the despicable abbé, or vile cicisbeo-wretches, that would rob a husband of his rights, and blast, unfeelingly blast, that happiness, which a fond parent must experience in the smiles of his children, by the cruelest, the bitterest of doubts! Such a wife, perchance, may be found in countries, where the lovely virtues of female chastity and conjugal fidelity are neglected and despised—but how great is the uncertainty! how fearful are the odds! Oh! my deluded countrymen! there are yet many, very many, among the beauties of this happy isle, in whom virtue appears in her most attractive form, graced with the most engaging qualities; in whom wit, good-nature, unaf-

fected modesty, and refined sensibility, shine with unabated lustre, exalted by the practice of religion and virtue.

But whither am I hurried by the enthusiasm of my feelings? Glowing with the interest with which my subject has inspired me, I could write, nay, perhaps, have already written, to a wearisome length. Yet forgive me, lovely friends; ye, for whom I have hastily penned this imperfect, but well-meant address, will, I trust, exert the benevolence of your natures to overlook its manifold defects; and should I be so happy as to prevail upon any of the fair sex, to substitute the affecting graces of artlessness and simplicity for the disgusting deformity of coquetry and affectation, they may rest in the fullest assurance that, by so happy a resolution, their minds will lose none of its elegant polish, their beauty will be rendered more, Oh! infinitely more affecting, and will acquire a sweeter, a more seductive expression; in a word, my lovely countrywomen, you will thereby more effectually command the homage of every sensible, of every manly heart; and will daily, hourly, rise in the estimation of every real gentleman.

A FRIEND OF THE FAIR.

DESCRIPTION *of the* IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE largest of these islands is Cephalonia, which is in circuit full one hundred and seventy miles, possessing, on the south-west side, a very capacious harbour, named Argostoli; capable of affording shelter to a large fleet, and landlocked on almost every quarter. Under the Venetian government, there were two forts upon it, but they have been allowed to fall into ruin. The wines, as well as all the productions of Cephalonia, are highly esteemed. In its vicinity, separated only by an arm of the sea, about a league broad, called the "Canal Guiscardo," stands Ithaca, or Teachi, the Little Cephalonia, so famous as the country of Ulysses, and the residence of Penelope. The island is near forty miles in circumference. Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, according to the mythologists, the ancient residence of Venus, situate to the south-east of the Morea, and is about 50 miles in circumference. The greater part of it is mountainous and rocky, but the rest produces corn and excellent grapes. The town of San Nicolo, in this island, has a fort, and a good road for ships. Zante is the last and most southern of this cluster of islands, being about twelve miles from Cephalonia, fourteen miles long, and eight broad. It is not distant from the Morea, and yields to none of those already described, in fertility. Its currants, no less than its wines, are celebrated throughout the Levant; and it has a

fine port on the south side, which portion of the country is said to be almost covered with fruit trees.

Of the remaining Ionian islands, Corfu, the most northern, claims precedence. Though inferior in magnitude to Cephalonia, it is of far superior importance in every point of view. Placed, by nature, precisely at the entrance of the Adriatic, close to the shore of Epirus, it may be denominated the key of the Venetian gulf. Under the Venetians, in the middle ages, and down even to the seventeenth century, Corfu was esteemed the advanced bastion and bulwark of the Christian states, against the Ottoman power, when the Solymans, and the Selims, menaced Italy, no less than the German empire. Situated in a beautiful climate, enjoying a salubrious air, and an exuberant soil, near one hundred and twenty miles in circumference, its productions, of every kind, are of a superior quality. Homer has placed in Corfu, then denominated Phæacia, the gardens of King Alcinous. It is only about fifty miles distant from Otranto, in Apulia, and was justly regarded by the republic of Venice, as one of the most invaluable possessions of the state. There are in it several excellent ports; but the circumstance which distinguishes it from all the others in its vicinity, is, that Corfu has a strong, and almost impregnable fortress. It stands, as does the capital of the island, which it protects, in a central position, looking towards Epirus, built partly on a rock, surrounded by the sea, partly on the mount St. Mark.

Sta. Maura, the Leucadia of antiquity, stands between Corfu and Cephalonia, and almost touches the coast of Epirus or Achaia, to which it was undoubtedly joined in the early ages of the world. Though only about seventy English miles round, yet it produces, in abundance, oil, wine, grain, and fruits, of the most delicate flavour.

On the EIGHT-ARMED CUTTLE-FISH.

[From Dr. Shaw's Zoological Lectures.]

MR. PENNANT, in the fourth volume of his British Zoology, speaking of the eight-armed cuttle-fish, tells us he has been well assured, from persons worthy of credit, that in the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part, while each arm has measured nine fathoms in length; and that the natives of the Indian isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off immediately the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it. This has been considered as a piece of cre-

credulity in Mr. Pennant, unworthy of a sober naturalist. It is certain, however, that a great variety of apparently authentic evidences seem to confirm the reality of this account. The ancients, it is evident, acknowledged the existence of animals of the cuttle-fish tribe, of a most enormous size; witness the accounts given by Pliny and others of the large polypus, as he terms it, which used to rob the repositories of salt-fish on the coasts of Carteia; and which, according to his description, had a head of the size of a cask that would hold fifteen amphoræ; arms measuring thirty feet in length, of such a diameter that a man could hardly clasp one of them, and beset with suckers or fasteners of the size of basins that would hold four or five gallons a-piece. The existence, in short, of enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe, in the Indian and northern seas, can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observable about the coasts of the European seas. A modern naturalist chooses to distinguish this tremendous species by the title of the colossal cuttle-fish, and seems amply disposed to believe all that has been related of its ravages. A northern navigator, of the name of Dens, is said, some years ago, to have lost three of his men in the African seas, by a monster of this kind, which unexpectedly made its appearance whilst these men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of the vessel. The colossal cuttle-fish seized these men in its arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them; the thickness of one of the arms which was cut off in the contest was that of a mizen-mast; and the acetabula, or suckers, of the size of pot-lids.

But what shall we say to the idea of a modern French naturalist, who is inclined to suppose that the destruction of the great French ship, the Ville de Paris, taken by the English during the American war, together with nine other ships, which came to her assistance on seeing her fire signals of distress, was owing, not to the storm which accompanied the disaster, but to a groupe of colossal cuttle-fishes, which happened at that very time to be prowling about the ocean, beneath these unfortunate vessels?

These accounts, whether true or false, naturally recall to our recollection the far-famed monster of the northern seas, often mentioned in a vague manner under the name of kraken or korvea. The general tenor of these accounts is, that in some parts of the northern seas, during the heat of summer, while the sea is perfectly calm, a vast mass, resembling a kind of floating island, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is seen to rise above the surface, appearing to be covered with a profusion of sea-weed, corals, and other marine substances. When

it is fully risen, it seldom fails to stretch up several enormous arms, of such a height as to equal that of the masts of a ship; and after having continued in this position for some time, it again slowly descends. From the general description thus given of its shape, it has been supposed that it is a species of sepia, or cuttle-fish. Linnæus, in the first edition of his work, entitled Fauna Suecica, as well as in the earlier editions of his Systema Naturæ, seems inclined to admit the existence of this animal, and forms a genus for it under the name of microcosmus.

Description of an extraordinary Cave in America.

[From a Letter from a Gentleman in Bowling-Green, to his Friend in Russellville, in Kentuckey.]

BOWLING-GREEN, *June* 16, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

ON the 12th of the present instant I, in company with a number of others, went to see a large cave that has been lately discovered in this county. It was found on the lands of a Mr. Brown, on the north side of the road leading from Stewart's Ferry to the Widow Lucas's; it is one mile from the Ferry, and four easterly of Bowling-Green. The ground immediately over the cavern is depressed about eight or ten feet below the common level of the barrens; in the bottom of this depression is the hole by which we were to descend; it is four feet in diameter, and through a solid rock; after descending about six feet, we passed through the rock; a dark gloomy vault then presented itself to view in every direction; in sinking five and twenty feet more, we came to the spot that supported our conductor, a small perpendicular pole above thirty feet long; when the fire was thrown down, and our candles lighted up, we discovered that we were standing on the summit of a subterranean mountain that broke off so abruptly to the westward, that if any one of us had fallen from the pole in climbing down or up, he must have rolled near 100 feet before he came to the bottom, except some casual circumstance had prevented, such as an intervening rock that had detached itself, and fallen from the arch above.

Our light prepared, we began our march down the rapid descent to the westward; the first thing that arrested our attention, in particular, was human bones, which were found in considerable numbers from within a few feet of where we landed, until we reached the bottom of the mountain; bones of every description are to be found in abundance, though mostly decayed

cayed and broken to pieces; yet two skulls were taken out entire a few days anterior to our visiting the place; one of them I examined; it is larger than common; the *sinciput* is flatter; the superciliary ridge of the *os frontis* higher; the two *tables* and *dipios* thicker than in any human skull I ever before noticed. A *callus*, formed by the dropping of water, covered the *os occipitis* and *ossa parietalia*, nearly to the *coronal suture;* this was the case with many of those in the cave; in one place, in particular, not less than half a bushel of bones lay congealed together, and in many others they were to be found adhering to the rocks so tenaciously, as not to be got off without breaking; these bones appear to have been the natural consequences resulting from the effusion of much blood; that they belonged to those slain in battle is to be inferred from the following circumstances:—

First, the appearance of old fortifications and places of defence, in the vicinity of the cave, which are prominent features of trouble. Secondly, the manner in which the bones lie plainly shews that they were thrown down in a hurry, and left to roll off promiscuously, as the situation below and chance directed them. Thirdly, from the appearance, as to the time they have lain there, all equally superannuated and corroded down, by the unrelenting hand of time. Fourthly, because they appear to have been the bones of adults exclusively;—many of them old men; here, as in other viviparous animals, of the class of *mamiliæ*, age is evinced by the teeth; the *incisores* and *molares* being considerably worn away, by long and frequent mastication: that they are bones of men and not of women is suspected from the following circumstances:—Those of men are larger in general, the processes and rugosities more prominent, and the *fossie sinules* and sinuosities, for the insertion and lodgment of the muscles, tendous, nerves, and blood-vessels, are more distinctly marked in men than in women, all which circumstances seem plainly to occur in those immediately under our consideration; besides, it is a well known fact, that the aborigines of America, are, and ever were, tenacious of their dead; and will, at the risk of their lives, bear off the bodies of their slain brethren to a safe place of deposit; here, then, they found it, and here it was that the earth opened her bowels to receive them, reeking from their hands; and here no doubt she has preserved them for ages, free from intrusion or contempt, until the present more inquisitive and audacious generation, has dared to insult their *manes*, by trampling on their ashes with unhallowed feet.

We next directed our course to the south part of the cave. After passing over rough uneven ground, we came to a small valley, near the southern termination; on pursuing it a few yards eastwardly, it made a short turn to the left, round some high

high rocks, and led down to a deep hole of water, which is conjectured to be a part of Kong's Big-spring. From appearances, there is no doubt but this water breaks up in the time of a flood, and inundates the whole convexity contained in the cavern, notwithstanding the elevated part, at this time, is above one hundred feet above the level of the water.

Our course was next directed to the southern extremity (the scite is from north to south) but nothing remarkable presented in this part; the situation is higher, the bottom more broken, with small sinks among a large bed of rocks; at the termination there is a large sink of water, like unto a well, and it appeared about ten feet down to the water. About twenty yards east of where we went in, stands a pillar of stone, somewhat in the shape of a cone, near two feet thick at the base, and about eight or nine feet high; when dressed with a hat, from a few yards distance, it cuts a very gigantic appearance. The whole length of this vault is supposed to be 100 yards; the area may be computed between one and two acres; the altitude of the western ascent, sixty degrees. After the lapse of an hour spent in this gloomy abode of death, we all unanimously ascended the pole, and landed again safe in this upper world, too well satisfied with what had been seen, to entertain the most distant thought of putting even temerity itself to the experiment of again interrupting the silent but awful repose of the dead.

ANECDOTE *of* MR. YOUNG, *the* ACTOR.

[From " A Dane's Excursion in Britain."]

SPEAKING of the theatre royal, Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson, says, " It is not much larger than the little theatre in the Haymarket. Too much cannot be said in praise of the interior; there was a profusion of artificial ornaments, and the curtain most appropriately displayed the muses, with fame in their front, bearing a scroll, upon which the names of " Thomson" and " Home" were inscribed. The female part of the audience might have vied, in beauty and elegance of dress, with the most captivating women in a London theatre. The performances were Othello, with the musical farce of The Farmer. Mr. Young sustained the part of the artless, credulous, and magnanimous Moor, with such discrimination and felicity of expression, as fully intitled him to the rapturous applauses which the audience bestowed on his efforts. His acting, upon this occasion, possessed peculiar charms to me, being led to imagine, from the similarity of names, that the Desdemona of the night actually was the dear partner of Othello's soul; which, however,

however, was not the case, as I afterwards understood Mrs. Young * to be the wife of a physician at Edinburgh. An illusion, perhaps still more fascinating, takes possession of my senses, when I behold Mr. Young in the character of Hamlet. Mr. Young, while a child, passed some months in the isle of Zealand, and spent much of the time in Hamlet's garden, with the then prince royal, now king of Denmark, to whom Mr. Young highly recommended himself; and by nothing more so, perhaps, than by the consideration that the mother of his illustrious play-fellow came from the country which gave existence to the "pretty English boy," as Mr. Young was called at the court of Denmark, from which he departed, loaded with caresses and presents. That these circumstances, (which I relate upon the authority of Mr. Fenwick, who was himself born at Elsinore,) may have contributed to the excellence which Mr. Young displays in Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark, or that they may safely be pleaded in bar of the awful judgement which has been denounced against that actor, who should believe himself transformed into the very character he represents, I will not certainly venture to assert; but the performance of Mr. Young, in the character of Hamlet, however exquisite it must appear to every description of beholders, in my opinion, derives additional interest from a knowledge that he himself acted the part of "Damon Dear" to a Danish prince, in those very scenes which have been charged with some of the most pathetic events in Danish history."

* This excellent actress performed some time in London. Her maiden name was Biggs.

French Civilities in the Seventeenth Century.

[From Gerbier's Subsidium Perigrinantibus, published in 1665.]

FIRST, they confine salutations to ladies within the bounds of arrivall and departure, the familiarity of kisses being thought an uncivill boldnesse at any other time, and were become troublesome. It is not permitted to any gentleman who visits a lady, to lay downe cloake or hat, except in such places that can endure doublet and breeches, to keepe the cloake and hat company. A gentleman who hath the honour to usher a princesse, must not yield her hand to any man, except to a prince, or a marshall of France.

Never refuse, but take as a particular honour the accepting to present to a prince, or princesse, the cup or glasse, which by that prince or princesse domestic servant may be brought.

Its not the custome when a prince doth snese, to say as to other persons, (and the old civility was) *Dieu vous ayde*, God help you, but only to make a low reverence.

Though a French prince should, to a stander by at his table, present something which may be eaten, yet must he not taste thereof, except the prince commands it, and it is the like with any fruit presented between meales.

If a gentleman be admitted to a prince his table, he is not to drinke before the prince had his glasse. No broth is to be taken out of a dish, but first laid on a trencher.

No yolk of eggs sipped out of the shell, but taken out with a spoone. Nor any blowing of hot broth in a spoon, which little nicities must be observed by any man, that will passe for a gentleman among the nobilitie of France: and are here recited only in reference, and for the observation of those who have the honour to accompany a prince in his travell. A princely traveller, curious to knowe all the ancient and moderne affairs of France, will do well to visit the library of Monsieur du Juy, who hath a collection of above a hundred volumes of manuscripts; as also visit the library of the Count de Brienne, for he hath one hundred and twenty volumes of manuscripts, containing the treaties and alliances made with forraigne princes, and all the rare pieces of state, since Louis XI. and among them, to take particular notice of the memorialls of M. de Villeroy, and President Genin, who were great men in King Henry IV. his time. As for publick visits, a princely traveller, (who knoweth what the academies for exercises, and for the knowledge of the mathematics are), shall not need to spend time with academies, but call upon masters of ceremonies, to accompany him for the first time, and afterwards, (until departure) use the liberty of France in visits, not in Italy, nor Spaine, where the day an hower for visits must be demanded.

He shall not use any compliment in the retreat from a conversation, for it is the manner to depart without any ceremony, except the company be all gone.

As for the visiting of embassadors; it is most fit to consult their leasure, as well in France as in other parts; for it is with them, as it was with him, who had written on his dore, whoever hath knockt twice, and is not opened, may be gone, for I am not, cannot, or will not, be at home.

THE LOST LETTER.

By the late Mrs. Montague.

I AM surprized that my answer to your grace's letter has never reached your hands. I sent it immediately to Canter-

bury by the servant of a gentleman who dined here, and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. I am reconciled to the carelessness of the fellow, since it has procured to me so particular a mark of your concern. If my letter were sensible, what would be its mortification, that, instead of having the honour to kiss your grace's hands, it was to be confined in the footman's pocket, with greasy gloves, rotten apples, mouldy nuts, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort, a tender epistle from his sweetheart, "tru tell Death." Perhaps by its situation subject to be kicked by his master every morning, 'till at last, by ill usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit in lighting a tobacco pipe. I believe the fellow who lost my letter knew very well how ready I should be to supply it with another.—Aged 14.

SALMONET.

JOHN MONTEATH, minister of Dudingston, in Scotland, emigrated to France, at a time when Cardinal Richelieu was prime minister to Lewis the XIVth. Having gained access to the cardinal, in order to obtain employment, he was asked by his eminence to what family he belonged, in the ancient kingdom of Scotland, which for many ages had been in close alliance with the grand monarch's dominions. To this enquiry the prudent Scot, whose father was a poor fisherman in the salmon trade, somewhat below Stirling, on the Forth, replied with great composure, that he pertained to the ancient and noble family of Monteith, of Monteith, in the province of Perth. Richelieu requested to know farther as to the particular branch of that family, was answered that he belonged to the Monteiths of salmon-net. The cardinal's look expressed his ignorance with regard to this illustrious branch of the family of Monteith; but the parson's claim to nobility was never after called in question, and he retained the title De Salmonet, by which he was distinguished in his literary productions, 'till the day of his death.

REFLECTION.

WHEN we are young the opinion of the world governs us, and we study more to be well with others than with ourselves. Upon the verge of old age, we begin to find what is foreign to us less precious, and nothing so highly concerns us as ourselves, though we are on the point of seeing this self-care of little or no effect to our satisfaction.

Answer, by W. Petherick, of St. Austell, to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted the 9th of October.

ACT, STAR, and HOPE, transpose,
CATASTROPHE they will disclose.

Answer, by W. Kent, near Camelford, to a Correspondent's Charade, inserted the 9th of October.

TRENCHARD will, as I suppose,
The correspondent's name disclose.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. C. jun. of Ottery; John Woodman, of North Curry; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; J. Kerby, Helton; J. W. of Charmouth; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. Medland, St. Bude; N. Colwell, Knackershole; W. B. of Taunton; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; Caroline Caines, of Lion's-gate; Charles Caines, at Cerne school; J. Hurd, of Honiton; J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school; Thomas Pearse, of Chard; C. Crewes, of Newton Abbot; T. Byrtt, of Shepton Mallett; J. C. of Thorncombe; T. Hawker, of Camelford; R. Withall, of Plymouth; and G. H. Bynon, of Plymouth-Dock.

Answer, by J. Hurd, of Honiton, to S. Tucker's Charade, inserted October 16.

THE SPINNET's soft, melodious strains,
Can charm our cares, and ease our pains.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot-school; J. W. of Charmouth; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; Caroline Caines, of Lion's-gate; Charles Caines, at Cerne school; T. Hawker, of Camelford; W. Kent, near Camelford; G. H. Bynon, of Plymouth-Dock; W. B. of Taunton; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. Channon, jun. of Ottery St. Mary; B. Carvosso, of Cosawes, near Penryn; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; a youth of Mevagissey; N. Colwell, of Knackershole; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; Philomath, of Egg Buckland; Claudius, of Yeovil; J. Kerby, of Helston; R. Withall, of Plymouth; Sirron; T. Pearse, of Chard; and Thomas Byrt, of Shepton Mallet.

A REBUS, *by S. Duck, of South Petherton.*

AN ancient name for France define;
An ancient name for Britain join;
An ancient island make appear;
An ancient mountain forms the rear:
My pleasing whole is often seen
In Vauxhall Gardens where I've been.

A REBUS, *by J. French, at Evershot School.*

A Queen of Lydia first detect;
And next a fruit you must select;
Thirdly, a tree you'll bring to mind;
And for my last a num'ral find:
Join the initials right and true,
A precious stone they'll bring to view.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE FALLING TEAR.

SAY, Emma, why that pensive cast,
That mournful look, and inward sigh,
Which breaks forth from a heart sincere?
Doth poverty's cold, chilling blast
Draw from that beauteous, sparkling eye
The falling tear?

Yes, gen'rous nymph! thy cheek with transport glows,
Soft sympathy thy tender bosom feels:
Yea, thrice more lovely do thy charms appear
When kind compassion for another's woes
From thy bright eyes in silence steals
The falling tear.

Pure emanation of a virtuous soul!
Come pity! o'er my breast thine influence sway;
Teach me in others woes a part to bear;
To check the big round drops that roll,
To sympathize, and kindly wipe away
The falling tear.

And when stern sorrow lays me low,
And bids me heave affliction's sigh,
Then may I find a friend sincere
Compassion for my griefs to shew,
To soothe my pains, and kindly dry
The falling tear!

Exeter, November, 1809. HENRY ELLIS.

REVERIE.

HOPE, guardian of the fairy fount,
Had fill'd my flowing cup;
It rested on my thankful lip
When sorrow dried it up.
And now to fill my cup anew,
Oh! whither shall I flee?
Where'er I go, I'll go with you—
My faithful REVERIE.

A weary, weary depth of rock
May hide the wave from day;
I end my toil; I see the stream;
I stoop—it glides away!
Hard tho' the stubborn rocks that hide,
And swift the waves that flee;
Yet rich and high shall be supplied,
Thy cup—sweet REVERIE.

Should I, to seek the precious drops,
From clime to clime be thrown;

Pe

Be sent to gather arctic ice,
And melt it in the zone;
Yet welcome desart, hot and far;
Yet welcome, trackless sea;
My camel, and my polar star,
Thy smile—sweet REVERIE.

And welcome war—should war's red cloud
The draught I seek, contain;
Thence will I fill my cup anew,
And brave the hurricane.
Dash'd down by fate, what tho' it lie?
How matters it to me?
Shall I not quaff it rich and high,
In death's sweet REVERIE?

'Tis sad to leave my weeping love,
To leave her sigh unheard!
'Tis sad to mourn, and not an ear
To catch the broken word:
Then stay to soothe the lonely maid,
And talk to her of me;
I'll brave the world, without your aid!
Be her's sweet REVERIE!

Seek, hand in hand, the cave, the shore,
And muse with her, and say—
"The pebble shews not half its hue
'Till dash'd amid the spray."
She'll thank the thought, with brightening cheek,
And think less sad on me;
Her mien compos'd, her smile shall speak
My thanks to REVERIE.

But when my toil is stubborn,
And when the sun glows hot,
And when the battle rages,
Oh tell it, tell it not!
But when my cup is rich and high,
And home to her I flee,
Then whisper, "Hark! I hear him nigh"—
Then vanish—REVERIE!

STANZAS.

I Saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor, without a friend,
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives vice to bloom its little hour;
But virtue, late and long.